

these souls for whom he prayed were his companions and protectors on that fearful road. But he continued his interrogatory:

"Some of your good friends came part of the way, at least, with you?"

"No; it was late, and I would not let them do so. I knew the road to well to need guide or guard," was the farmer's reply.

Ah, thought the priest again, how little did he suspect how much he needed both guide and guard that night, or who they were who kept him company in that dread hour.

"But you met some one, either coming or going, between this and the village?"

"Not a living soul," was the decided answer.

The priest was convinced—convinced and grateful. He had gained two souls to his flock, and the farmer's life was safe, thanks to the holy souls.

This is not a legend, but an actual fact that took place in the neighborhood of Lourdes less than four years ago. So the venerable priest to whom it happened assured me.

*St. Joseph's Advocate.*

#### CANNIBAL INDIANS.

The attention of the Department of Indian Affairs has been called to the barbarous practices of the Indians along the west coast of northern British Columbia, who, it appears, are still indulging in cannibalism, supposed to have been given up long ago.

H. J. Simpson, a trader who has spent twenty-five years in the vicinity of Fort Ruperts, states that the Indians carry on their dances with all their old-time ferocity, the only difference being that now they are careful to have their wildest orgies only in the depth of winter, when the inclemency of the season has practically put a stop to trading and hunting and has driven all white men, including missionaries, to

move to comfortable quarters. So soon as they have the field to themselves preparations are started for the most disgusting orgies. Simpson, who having married a full-blooded "Klutchman," is what is known as a "squaw man," has been specially favored or trusted by being permitted to witness some of these rites, and gives a terrible description of what is known to these Indians as a "man-eater dance," which he witnessed a few months ago. In this dance the manista, or chief character, horrifies the spectators by appearing with a back number native taken from an eminence upon which it was exposed to dry after death, and tearing the shriveled flesh from the bones as he dances about the huge log fire, all the time uttering the most frightful sounds in the Indian vocabulary of lamentations.

Simpson also lately saw the horrible torture of a maiden in connection with another dance, in which, to prove herself worthy to be the bride of a brave chieftain, she allowed great barbed hooks to be driven through the flesh of her back and danced almost naked while the chief held the reins attached to the hooks and by a series of wrenches eventually tore the flesh apart and released them. Missionaries have taken great credit throughout the civilized world for having converted these savages and the government has been led to believe that the dances now carried on are only imitations of former barbarity, but Simpson, who is a reliable man, asserts that they are no mockery at all, but a most revolting and cruel reality.

Happy is he who places all his joy and happiness in the holy words and works of God, who thus leads others to His holy love.

Reprove not the aged with rudeness, but admonish them gently as if they were your parents.

*St. Gregory.*